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Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, uric acid, catarrh of the bladder and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

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## BOWSER GOES FISHING

Sells Three Barrels of Bass in Advance to Local Market.

## GUEST OF THE SUCKER CLUB

Resort Is Not What the Old Philosopher Was Led to Believe, and There Is an Insurrection at Green Lake. Mrs. B. Telephoned For.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.]

Mr. Bowser was half an hour late in getting home from the office, and when he did arrive he had several parcels under his arms and an important look on his face. He refused to make any explanations until after dinner, though he beamed with good nature all through the meal and gave Mrs. Bowser to understand that there was something of importance on hand. When he was ready to explain he had a fishing rod, twelve fish hooks and six spare fish lines to help elucidate. He was going to take a couple of days off and go fishing.

"But where can you put in two days fishing?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"At Green lake," he replied. "That's twenty miles away. I shall get up at 5 o'clock in the morning to catch the early train out there. I shall stay one night and perhaps two at the clubhouse there."

"But what put the idea into your head?"

"Why, I've wanted to go fishing for some time, but today one of the members of the Green Lake Sucker club invited me to go out to the lake and



MR. BOWSER FOUND HIMSELF ON THE BANKS OF GREEN LAKE.

stay as long as I wished. They have a fine clubhouse there, and they catch fish by the barrel. You needn't say anything about it, but they are sending about twenty barrels of bass to market every week. That's the way they are paying their expenses, but they don't want to be classed as fishermen. I stopped at the fish market as I came up, and Williams told me that he would take three barrels of bass from me. By John! I expect to have the time of my life!"

Why It Was So Named.

"Why do they call it the Sucker club?" asked Mrs. Bowser after a moment's thought.

"After the suckers in the lake, I suppose."

"But there are no suckers in any of the inland lakes. Those fish are only to be found in rivers or large lakes."

"Did you ever catch a fish in your life?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he bristled up.

"No."

"Then don't put yourself to the front as an authority. I've caught suckers in lakes, rivers, ponds and everywhere else. I expected you'd raise some sort of objection to my going."

"I'm not raising any objection, my dear. On the contrary, I wish you to go. It will be good for your rheumatism, and if you can have two or three days' sport and sell three barrels of fish at the same time it will be a fine thing. I just thought the name was a funny one, that's all."

"The name is all right. If you were going to be particular about names you might ask why the president of the club, to whom I have a note of introduction, is named Bunko. What's that got to do with it?"

Made No Comments.

"Green lake—the Sucker club—President Bunko," mused Mrs. Bowser to herself, with an inward smile, but she made no comments. Mr. Bowser had made up his mind, and nothing she could say would turn him. She asked if fish were plenty, and he answered:

"There isn't a spot like it on the face of the earth. The fish are so plentiful that every four weeks the club invites the farmers for miles around to come and fill their wagons and draw them off for manure. Even then their splashing o' nights keeps the club members awake. You can use a scoop shovel, a pitchfork or a hook and line, just as you please. The lake is divided off into three sections—pickerel, bass and suckers—and one kind never trespasses upon the waters of the other. Oh, you can bet the club has got things down fine."

"I hope you won't have to sleep on the floor," observed Mrs. Bowser.

"On the floor?" she exclaimed after her. "Why, woman, what are you talking about? The clubhouse is provided with forty bedrooms, each one with a Persian rug on the floor, paintings on the walls and a hair mattress on the bed. Our parlor is no comparison to theirs. They have four pianos, five billiard tables and a solid silver service. All the waiters dress

in uniform, and it takes twelve dozen bottles of champagne to go around at dinner."

"Who told you all this?"

"Mr. Lyre, the member who was in the office. You spell his name L-Y-R-E."

She Turned Pale.

Mrs. Bowser turned pale, but made no criticism. She knew that a lyre was a musical instrument to be played on and that it sometimes played on other folks for a change. There wasn't any doubt in her mind that it had been playing on Mr. Bowser that day.

At 5 o'clock next morning Mr. Lyre's victim got softly out of bed. He had said that he wouldn't wake anybody up and that he would take a late breakfast at the club. He got into his clothes in a great hurry and scrambled downstairs, and when Mrs. Bowser took a peep from the window he was almost running in his impatience to catch a car. He got a car and the train, and an hour later he was at Green lake station. It was a signal station and a water tank, and the signal house was occupied by a Mr. Gillingham. He had just got out of bed and was leaning over the gate. Mr. Bowser looked around for the lake, but couldn't see it.

He looked around for the clubhouse, but he couldn't see it.

He looked around for farmers' wagons loaded with fish, but none was there.

He looked around for some one to give him directions and after a time saw the man leaning over the gate in his shirt sleeves and advanced and asked:

"Where is Green lake?"

The man pointed over his shoulder into the jack pines.

"Is the clubhouse over there?"

The man nodded and smiled.

"Don't they send a carriage to meet members and visitors?"

The man shook his head and grinned.

Had Not Sent Word.

Mr. Bowser was somewhat taken aback and irritated, but finally remembered that he had not sent advance word and therefore was not expected. He went trudging away over the deep sand into the pines, and the horse flies and mosquitoes immediately claimed him for their own. They had been looking for an easy mark since daylight. There was a blind road leading somewhere, and it was followed for a mile. Then Mr. Bowser found himself on the banks of Green lake. There was no doubt of its being the sheet of water wanted, for there was a sign nailed to a tree.

Mr. Green ought to have been ashamed of himself.

It was a duck pond about a hundred feet across.

It was filled with logs and brush. Its waters were the color of chocolate. There were no fish leaping up or crowding each other out on the banks.

Mr. Bowser felt a thousand volcanoes rising up within him and shaking him from head to heel. He longed to spit forth red-hot expressions in several languages, but hung on to himself until he had looked about a bit. Presently he espied a bark shanty and walked over to it. There was a big club leaning up against it, and it bore on a tag the words, "This is the club." On the side of the shanty was written in chalk, "And this is the house."

Made the Soil Fly.

It didn't take Mr. Bowser over an hour and a half to catch on. Then he turned loose, and the treetops began to sway and the sandy soil to fly. The nightingale took a fly, and the whippoorwill realized that she couldn't compete with such a man. Woodchucks sought their holes, and the crafty fox got a hump on him and ran for two miles without stopping.

At 10 o'clock in the forenoon Mrs. Bowser was called to the telephone and asked:

"Are you Mrs. Bowser?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Did your husband start for Green lake on a fishing trip this morning?"

"Yes, but don't tell me that he is drowned!"

"No, ma'am, I won't, though I wish to heaven I could. My name is Gillingham. I am the station agent here. Mr. Bowser went out and saw the lake and the club and the house and came back here on the whoop. He has tipped over the water tank, torn out one side of the depot, ripped up half a mile of track and is holding up two freight trains. For God's sake, come out here and coax him to go home with you!"

And when Mrs. Bowser hung up the trumpet she simply smiled.

M. QUAD.

Seeing the Sights.



New Yorker (to visitor)—There is a relic of the past—an old Fifth avenue balloon.—Harper's Weekly.

Ready For the Next.

At a political meeting the chairman asked at the end of the candidate's speech whether "anny gentleman has any question to ask."

Some one rose and propounded an inquiry mildly critical of the prevailing political belief. A politician behind raised a club and struck him to the floor. The chairman looked around and asked quietly:

"Anny other gentleman a question to ask?"

## A HAPPY HOME

Is one where health abounds.  
With impure blood there cannot be good health.  
With a disordered LIVER there cannot be good blood.

## Tutt's Pills

revivify the torpid LIVER and restore its natural action.

A healthy LIVER means pure blood.  
Pure blood means health.  
Health means happiness.

Take no Substitute. All Druggists.

## Worth Thinking About.

There is something in the complaint made by Mrs. Curtis in her address in Lincoln, Nebraska, that nude pictures in liquor saloons inflame the passions of the beastly. Saloons abound with such pictures, which are an insult to womanhood.

We have gone beyond that point in South Carolina. We haven't the liquor saloons, and we haven't the indecent pictures that formed a part of their furnishings. But—while not comparing the one with the other—there is too great a disposition to make advertisements, in calendars and otherwise, "attractive" by the aid of pictures of women approaching the nude at times so closely as to offend good taste as well as good morals. The "nude in art" may do for such works Titia's Venus in painting or the Venus of Milo in statuary; but nude pictures in "daubs," such as are most of the advertising matter—though pretty of its kind, which is only a cheap and tawdry kind at best—ought not to be tolerated. We are getting very near the indecent in some of our advertising methods, if we haven't already got there. Out of respect for our wives and daughters and sisters and mothers, it is time to call a halt.—Newberry Observer.

## "Regular as the Sun"

Is an expression as old as the race. No doubt the rising and setting of the sun is the most regular performance in the universe, unless it is the action of the liver and bowels when regulated with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed by the Kaufmann Drug Co., and Derick's Drug Store. 25c.

## Cotton Has New Enemy.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 26.—A new cotton worm, which is causing much apprehension among cotton planters in Crittenden, Cross, and St. Francis counties, has been discovered within the last ten days.

The insect bores its way into the cotton stalk just above the ground and eats its way to the top through the pith, killing the plant.

The new pest has appeared in a territory not heretofore affected by the boll weevil. In Crittenden county, it is said, as much as one-third of the fields has been killed in some places. Specimens of the worm will be sent to the agricultural experiment station at Fayetteville for examination.

## Remedy for Diarrhoea. Never Known to Fail.

"I want to say a few words for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used this preparation in my family for the past five years and have recommended it to a number of people in York county and have never known it to fail to effect a cure in any instance. I feel that I can not say too much for the best remedy of the kind in the world."—S. Jemison, Spring Grove, York county, Pa. This remedy is for sale by Kaufmann Drug Co.

## Hidden Treasure in Bible.

"It's awfully dangerous," said he, "hiding your money away in a book, but if you must, hide it in a Bible. Nobody ever looks in a Bible, you know. Once I was visiting at a house and happened to pick up an old Bible lying on the table and turned the leaves over carelessly. What was my amazement to see a drop out from between two pages a \$20 bill. My hostess was not less amazed. She couldn't remember putting it there. She thought it had perhaps been put there by her grandmother, who had long since died."—N. Y. Press.

## No Use for It.

"The crows are in your corn, Colonel."

"Let 'em eat it!" said the Colonel.

"Two revenue men have collared my moonshine distillery, and the Legislature is tryin' to run the whole State dry!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## HAD AN AWFUL TIME,

But Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Cured Him.

It is with pleasure that I give you this unsolicited testimonial. About a year ago when I had a severe case of measles I got caught out in a hard rain and the measles settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time and had it not been for the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not have possibly lived but a few hours longer. But thanks to this remedy I am now strong and well. I have written the above through simple gratitude and I shall always speak a good word for this remedy.—Sam H. Gwin, Concord, Ga. For sale by Kaufmann Drug Co.

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WASH GOODS, DOMESTICS, DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

of all imaginable shades and patterns, bought to please our customers.

Fall Goods will be closed out at Bargain Prices.

## MILLINERY.

In Millinery we have the very latest styles and trimmings. Don't buy your hat until you have seen ours.

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